

Matt's Big Breakfast —
They Use Real Butter

Yep. We Sent a Writer
Into the Wild w/a Baby

A San Pedro B&B That
Isn't Just for the Birds

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

MARCH 2009

Wildflowers

OUR ANNUAL PORTFOLIO

+10
easy
hikes
for hardcore
flower
lovers

and

- Behind the Scenes at
Arizona Highways TV
- The Godfather of
the Mother Road

features

14 IN FULL BLOOM

Every March we dedicate about a dozen pages to desert wildflowers. This year, we’ve done it again. Poppies, penstemon, primrose ... they’re all here, and they’re all worth a look. If you’d like to go beyond the two dimensions of our photography, we also offer 10 scenic hikes for surrounding yourself with wildflowers (page 25). BY KELLY KRAMER

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There are some obvious reasons to go backpacking in the Aravaipa Canyon Wilderness — spectacular scenery, perennial streams, rare wildlife, peace and quiet. Less obvious is the water itself, which, according to radiocarbon tests, is up to 15,000 years old. BY CRAIG CHILDS

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Norman Wallace worked on railroads, bridges and highways, including Route 66 and the Black Canyon Highway. That was his day job. For the heck of it, he took photographs. Thousands and thousands of photographs. BY KATHLEEN WALKER

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For the past 84 years, *Arizona Highways* has been showcasing the splendor of the Grand Canyon State — in print, with paper and ink. Five years ago, former news anchor Robin Sewell suggested a high-definition version of the magazine — a television show that picks up where the mother ship leaves off. BY KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

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People, places and things from around the state, including a look back at Eleanor Roosevelt’s visit to a Japanese internment camp on the Gila River; an unexpected B&B along the San Pedro River; and a terrific breakfast place that throws health-consciousness out the window.

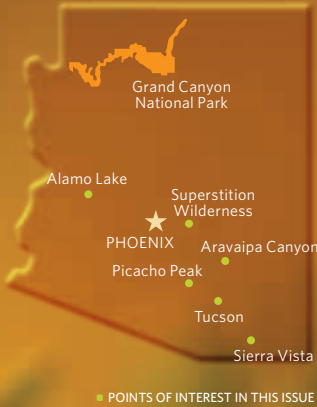
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arizonahighways.com

TALK TO US: In this month’s issue we feature a story about our extended family at *Arizona Highways Television*. We’d love to know your thoughts on the show. Do you watch it? How often? What’s your favorite part? That kind of stuff. Shoot us an e-mail at editor@arizonahighways.com.

GET MORE ONLINE:

- + Get the latest information on where to see spring wildflowers by visiting “Online Extras.”
- + Get details on some of this month’s biggest events, including Spring Training baseball and Flagstaff’s art walk, in our “Events Calendar.”
- + Get professional advice on how to shoot wildflowers. See “Photo Tips.”

► Backlighting illuminates the lovely simplicity of a Mexican goldpoppy bloom. PHOTOGRAPH BY COLLEEN MINIUK-SPERRY

FRONT COVER Clusters of birdcage evening primrose add a patch of white to a carpet of sand verbena at Pinta Sands in the Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge in Southwestern Arizona. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

BACK COVER The thick leaves of an American century plant provide a dramatic backdrop for a delicate Parry’s penstemon. PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM FITZHARRIS



andscape photographers disappear in March. They drop out. Split. Vanish into thin air. Just like that, they're gone. It's part of an annual migration into the Sonoran Desert, and nothing can stop it. Not the Final Four, not a Spring Training game, not a horse with no name. Not even a Beatles' reunion — if John and George were to come back to life — could keep these obsessed shutterbugs from the lure of the desert. Like molecular geneticists focused on the symbiotic interaction of microbes, landscape photographers are in a zone this time of year. Right now, the only thing they care about is shooting wildflowers.

Turns out, that's a good thing for *Arizona Highways*, because every March we dedicate about a dozen pages to the desert's annual explosion of color. This year was no exception. Mexican goldpoppies, owl clover, lupine ... they're all inside, courtesy of some of our best and most resolute photographers — Jack Dykinga, Tim Fitzharris, Chuck Lawsen, Robert McDonald, Randy Prentice. As you'll see, their work is second-to-none. That said, even the best photography in the world is limited to the two dimensions of this magazine. It's great to look at while the kids are practicing guitar, but if you'd rather explore the desert in person, you'll want to check out our wildflower hiking guide.

In all, we feature 10 of the state's best trails for getting close enough to stop and smell the lilies. And the larkspur. And all the rest. Most of the hikes are easy, and most are an easy drive from either Phoenix or Tucson. Lost Dutchman State Park and Picacho Peak State Park are among the more obvious places on our list, while the Wind Cave Trail in the Urey Mountains is less familiar. That's one of our favorites. As you know, off-the-beaten-path is the direction we like to go in this magazine. And so does Robin Sewell.

Robin, for those of you who live outside of Arizona, is the host and executive producer of *Arizona Highways Television*. The show's been on the air for five years, and in that short time span, it's won 15 Emmys and a slew of other accolades. None of that's surprising, though. Robin and her crew do an outstanding job of showcasing the state, especially the hidden gems ... the stories behind the stories. That's what they're after. Coincidentally, we were looking for the same thing when we sent writer Keridwen Cornelius on the road with our broadcasting sister. In *Made for TV*, you'll

get a behind-the-scenes look at what it takes to put together an award-winning television show.

Although the end product wins Emmys, the process, as Keridwen illustrates, isn't always so glamorous. There are blundered lines, bad interviews and windblown hair. For our piece, we didn't leave anything out, including the hairnet shot of Robin, which I know I'll hear about later. Fortunately, Robin's a good sport, and will do just about anything for the show — skydiving, whitewater rafting, hairnets. The one thing she won't do is go backpacking for weeks at a time with her daughter. Especially in a place like Aravaipa Canyon.

If you've never been, Aravaipa Canyon is rugged country, with a healthy population of mountain lions. It's about the last place you'd want to take a child. That is, unless your last name is Childs. As in Craig Childs, one of the most gifted writers on our team. In addition to his flair for writing, Craig is a nonconformist who didn't think twice about taking his young son, Jasper, on a long trek along Aravaipa Creek and its many tributaries.

In *Ancient Creeks*, he shares the adventure. In particular, he discusses the water itself, which, according to radiocarbon tests, is up to 15,000 years old. Chances are, it dates back to the last ice age, when ancient water was stored deep within the rocky cores of the mountains. No doubt, that's one of the reasons Craig traipsed around the area for almost a month, but it's bigger than that. The Arizona wilderness is an intriguing place with an irresistible allure. It's the ultimate temptation. The kind of thing that makes writers go backpacking with babies and photographers disappear in March.

ROBERT STIEVE, *editor*



If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. Now in its fifth season, the show does with audio and video what we do with ink and paper — it showcases the people, places and things of the Grand Canyon State, from the spectacular landscapes and colorful history to the fascinating culture and endless adventure. And that's just the beginning. "For me, the show is about more than just the destinations," Robin says. "It's about the people behind the scenes. It's their stories that make the destinations so interesting." Indeed, there's a reason this show wins so many awards — it's second-to-none, and we're proud to have our name on it. Take a look. For broadcast times, visit our Web site, arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

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BEST TRAVEL & IN-TRANSIT MAGAZINE

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PRODUCED IN THE USA



CRAIG CHILDS

Writer and naturalist Craig Childs has traveled throughout the United States — often solo — to explore both nature and solitude. But as he ventured into Aravaipa Canyon (see *Ancient Creeks*, page 26), he decided to travel with his young son, Jasper. "Besides his hand in mine and the smell of his hair, I would say the best part of traveling with Jasper is the way he slows me down, leaves me standing still in places I would have moved away from, or the way he suddenly becomes a little beast tearing around, reminding me of the animals we are," Childs says. Childs is a longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*. He also writes for *Outside*, *Men's Journal*, *Orion*, *The Sun*, *The New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times*.

KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

If writer Keridwen Cornelius were to host her own television show, she'd focus it on "'voluntourism' and finding interesting ways to meet local people and understand local issues, rather than seeing the typical sights," she says. Although she hasn't quite come up with a working title for her show, she did learn quite a bit about building a dream as she shadowed Robin Sewell and *Arizona Highways Television* for *Made for TV* (page 38). "I was surprised by how difficult it was for Robin to create the show. Like many success stories, no one believed it would work," Cornelius says. In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Cornelius also writes for *National Geographic Adventure* and *The New York Times'* travel section.



MARYAL MILLER

A first-time contributor to *Arizona Highways* and a self-proclaimed cinnamon-spice pancake addict, Maryal Miller was lucky enough to eat her way through her first assignment — breakfast at Matt's Big Breakfast (see *The Journal*, page 7). "Matt told me a story about a regular he's had since the day they opened. The man noticed that every morning Matt would have to go get the ice and the papers and lug them to the restaurant himself," Miller says. "Eventually, the man offered to get the ice and papers for Matt and bring them in. That pretty much speaks to the kind of relationship Matt has with his customers. People who go to Matt's on a regular basis not only love the food, they love the camaraderie." Miller is a graduate of the Walter Cronkite School of Journalism at Arizona State University.

A PINCH OF SALT

In regard to the article *Man vs. Wild* [November 2008] and all of the good information it contained, the one thing it didn't cover was a most important danger, hyponatremia. Drinking too much water without the addition of some form of electrolyte such as salt, potassium, etc. can be deadly. My daughter, Nancy Kyme, was within an hour of death because of a lack of electrolytes.

MARLIN SCHMIDT, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



the Navajo college at Tsaile on a day when Carl Gorman was lecturing on art. Someone in the group recognized him as having been a Navajo Code Talker [during World War II] and asked him to tell us more about that group. He complied, but had to make it brief because of another appointment. Nonetheless, I intercepted him as he was leaving, introduced myself, and told him I'd been born at Fort Defiance and that my father was the doctor there. He told me that he'd been born at Chinle and then looked at me and asked if my father had a limp. "Yes," I replied, "one of his legs was shorter than the other." He replied, "I remember him when I was in kindergarten at Fort Defiance." As I later thought about that and realized that Carl was close to my age, I wondered if he'd been one of the kids that picked on me, but I never had a chance to ask him. What a great man he was.

JOHN M. WIGGLESWORTH, CHESTER, MARYLAND

SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS



John M. Wigglesworth

Here's an Arizona story that you might be interested in. I was born at Fort Defiance in 1913 when my father was the Indian Service doctor there. It had originally been an Army fort and was converted into a school for the Navajo children. There were no facilities for the education of the children of the staff, so I was sent to the Indian school for kindergarten. It was not a success. The Indian kids must have thought that if you were the son of a medicine man you couldn't feel pain. I lasted one day, after which, home teaching took over. Decades later, my wife and I were with a Smithsonian group that was touring the Navajo Reservation. We visited

IN THE SAME BOAT

Your profile of Martin Litton [*Against the Current*, November 2008] has made me vow to be a lifetime subscriber. By extensively quoting Martin's own words, you really drive home what an important figure he's been for conservation in Arizona and the West. I hereby entreat you to profile another noncompromiser, Edward Abbey. March 14, 2009, will be the 20th anniversary of his untimely death. In fact, his journal accompanies the outstanding photos in the book *The*



Hidden Canyon, a river journey down the Colorado with Martin Litton. Abbey's words have inspired generations of nature and desert lovers, writers, hikers and photographers to protect Western lands from abuse and development.

CRISTA WORTHY, LOS ANGELES



TRACKING THE DEPOTS

I loved the story on train stations [*Last Stop!*, November 2008]. Train stations from that era truly capture the romance of the rails. I'm surprised, however, that no one contacted me about my depot, the Mayer Depot. Unlike most of the stations featured in your story, mine is one of the oldest still in existence, having been built in 1898. Also, mine is an original redwood framed station, contrary to your statement that the Willcox station is the only remaining original redwood framed station. Perhaps more important, my station has a provenance that includes a former editor of your publication, Don Dederer, whose foresight and determination saved the depot from certain destruction.

WILLIAM F. AUTHER, PHOENIX

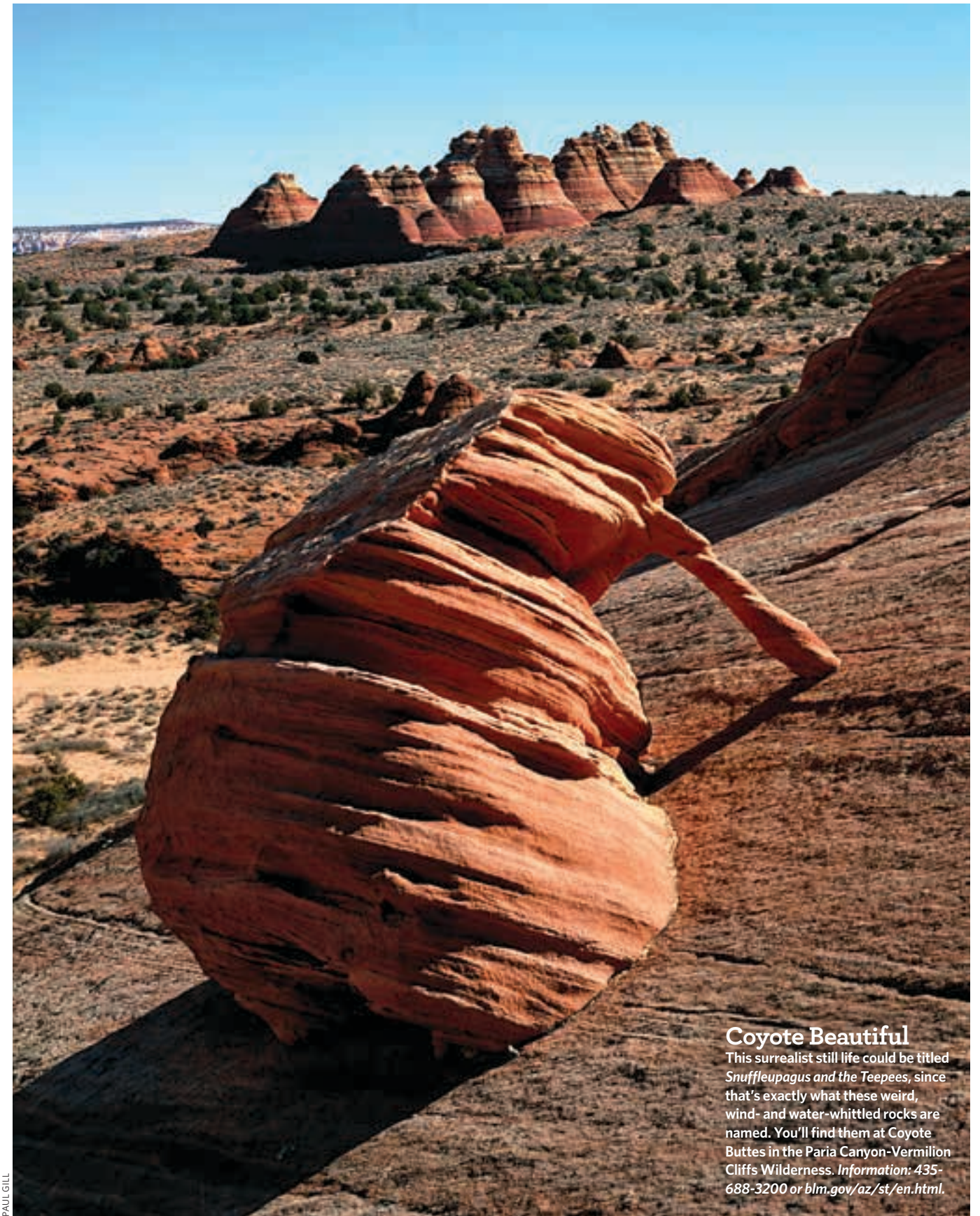
SUN OF A GUN

Regarding the Table of Contents page photo in the November 2008 issue, if we are indeed looking east toward the rising sun, that would have to be a waning moon. Waxing crescent moons can only occur in the first few hours after the sun sets.

JOHN J. GURNEY, DOUGLAS

contact us

If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we'd love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizona-highways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit arizonahighways.com.



PAUL GILL

Coyote Beautiful

This surrealist still life could be titled *Snuffleupagus and the Teepees*, since that's exactly what these weird, wind- and water-whittled rocks are named. You'll find them at Coyote Buttes in the Paria Canyon-Vermilion Cliffs Wilderness. *Information:* 435-688-3200 or blm.gov/az/st/en.html.



The Tales of One City

Tom Pitts is into stories, particularly those with a historical twist. That's why he's working to preserve Jerome, one tale at a time.

By KENDALL WRIGHT

EVERY SMALL TOWN HAS its characters, and often, those characters embody the quirkiness of the town. For Jerome, a 400-person hamlet that less than a century ago was home to copper mines that generated billions of dollars and attracted Wild West personalities in droves, the past has a huge impact on the present.

Perhaps no one embodies that more than Tom Pitts, the owner of Belgian Jennie's Bordello Bistro & Pizzeria, and one of Jerome's most outspoken characters. A longtime radio personality and entrepreneur, Pitts, 67, has come to fill many roles in the town — most notably as storyteller extraordinaire. His favorite topic? Belgian Jennie, one of Jerome's wildest figures

Belgian Jennie's is located at 412 Main Street in Jerome. For information, call 928-639-3141 or visit belgianjennies.com.

and his restaurant's namesake.

"Our small town has attitude, that's for sure," Pitts says. "We pride ourselves on attracting self-made people and respecting the individual, just like the old days. Those were the kinds of people that first made the town what it is, and I'm hoping my stories can help preserve that history."

Although he's only lived in Jerome for about three years, Pitts has been in and out of the area for the past five decades — enough time to see some of Arizona's wonderful history disappear before his eyes.

"For a long time people seemed to not care about old buildings or the stories," Pitts says. "I'm so pleased that lately there seems to be a new energy to work together and preserve our history."

A similar energy and passion have motivated Pitts to work extensively with the Jerome Historical Society to get its mining museum in top shape. While doing research, Pitts came across information concerning one of his most famous story subjects, Jennie Bauters, a wealthy, well-educated, trilingual immigrant more popularly known as Belgian Jennie, the town's most powerful madam.

"Jennie came here when Arizona was one of the only places women were allowed to vote," Pitts says. "She was the one who put in the first concrete sidewalks and was paying for the construction of two-story buildings when other guys were still living in tents. She was smart, and used that intelligence to make something for herself and her son."

Pitts admits that his interest in Jennie's story stems from the fact that despite her place in history, he's become a kindred spirit of the Wild West heroine.

"She was definitely an independent and entrepreneurial individual, with an energy I've tried to reflect in my own life," he says. "Age is a state of mind. The learning process I've experienced in my research has been amazing, but more importantly, sharing what I learn is what's keeping me young."

PRATT'S

Q&A



Michael Wilbon
ESPN Commentator

If you were trying to convince ESPN co-host Tony Kornheiser that Arizona is the best place to live, where would you take him? Kornheiser has to be wine and dine and taken to stunning golf courses, so I'd start at The Golf Club Scottsdale for a round. Then we'd have dinner at Elements, preferably at sunset and out on the patio, to get the full effect. The next day we'd drive to Sedona, which I think is the prettiest place in the United States. If he's not convinced by then, shame on him.

Favorite place to eat? Elements. Everything about it. It's probably tied with Ocean Club and Tarbell's at the top of my list. If I want to stay close to my home in North Scottsdale, I go to Cartwright's in Cave Creek.

If you could have dinner with one Arizona sports figure, who would it be? Well, I know pretty much all of the Suns already. Hmmm ... OK, I've got it: I saw Maria Sharapova at a Suns game in November, and she told me she's doing her rehab in Arizona, so that's it, Maria Sharapova. Or, better yet, Grace Park of the LPGA. I've had a crush on her for years. That's my answer. Grace Park.

— Dave Pratt is the author of *Behind the Mic: 30 Years in Radio*.

Making It Big

Don't let the small space fool you. Matt's Big Breakfast in Phoenix is one of the most comfortable places in the city to enjoy homemade, butter-drenched waffles, thick-cut bacon, eggs and more.

By MARYAL MILLER

In today's health-conscious climate, it takes some doing to find a place where the stock in trade is serving straight-up, made-to-order comfort food. In a tiny building made of brick and mortar, smack-dab in the middle of downtown Phoenix, one of those rare places exists. More accurately, it thrives. Matt's Big Breakfast is its name, and turning out simple, hearty breakfast addictions ... er, *meals*, is its game.

"I grew up in Kansas City, and in the Midwest, mom and pop diners are everywhere," owner Matt Pool explains. "I like that after four years, my wife and I both still wait tables. I think people like that about us."

The use of the word "like" is a modest description from a man who's sublimely satisfied with his success and his lifestyle. "The 'it' moment for me was probably the first day we had a wait — a Sunday about a week after we opened. At the time, it was probably because of our slow service, but that was the moment when I felt like we actually might make it here."

The crowd of waiting patrons hovering at the front door — a congregation Matt sincerely refers to as "friends" — doesn't simply *like* his famous fluffed-to-perfection pancakes, fresh-cut, flavor-packed home fries and Wisconsin cheese omelets ... in any language, the kind of following Matt's has is nothing short of love. The kind of love seen in prison visitation rooms — sans criminals, of course — where the dutiful willingly travel across town, the state or even the country just to indulge in a few minutes of

Matt's Big Breakfast is located at 801 N. First Street in Phoenix. For more information, call 602-254-1074 or visit mattsbigbreakfast.com.

purely blissful face time. The stay is short, but the reward is sweet. Real-maple-syrup sweet, in fact.

Matt, his wife, Erenia, and their small, steadfast staff have made their living by returning to some of the most basic cooking concepts, where locally sourced menu items such as jam, coffee and fresh produce, as well as premium items like cage-free eggs and grain-fed natural Iowa pork and beef are at the core of every dish.

The purity of those foundations provide the requisite justification for a new generation of über-selective foodies to enjoy the sinful, morning meal staples of their youth. Think homemade, butter-drenched waffles, thick-cut bacon and eggs plated with pork chops, and lunch items including the notorious Big Butter Burger, whose name speaks volumes about the punch it packs.

For those who question Matt's imagination, therein lies the irony. Go ahead and say it's just another diner, but know that the cleverness of all that is Matt's is pure and planned, and there aren't any paper hats or poodle skirts in sight.



JEFF KIDA



RANDY PRENTICE

Not Just for the Birds

Considering the area attracts 335 species of birds, you could visit Casa de San Pedro for no other reason. But there’s more, including lush gardens, a comfortable patio and some of the best food in Southern Arizona.

By **JOBETH JAMISON**

CASA DE SAN PEDRO Bed and Breakfast has just 10 guestrooms, but the place is usually hopping with more visitors than owners Karl Schmitt and Patrick Dome have the time or fingers to count. That’s because the majority of the guests that flock to this remote getaway are not people, they’re birds.

Nestled on 10 acres along the San Pedro River, 28 miles southeast of Sierra Vista, Casa de San Pedro is *the* place for birders to see and be seen. The area’s dense canopies of cottonwoods, willows and vital riparian habitats make it one of the most important avian migratory corridors in the western United States, attracting more than 335 species of resident and migrating birds each year, and countless humans as a result.

Season after season, they all land here for a little pampering, relaxation and keen observation.

Built in the budding tradition of eco-tourism in 1996, the Spanish-Moorish-style B&B was conceived as a place where travelers could “take only pictures and leave only footprints.” Schmitt and Dome, who bought the inn in 2002, have not only honored the concept, they’ve continually strengthened the B&B’s environmentally friendly foundation by making eco upgrades throughout the property.

Such changes include converting to all-native, low-water xeriscaping, which still produces plenty of flowers for area pollinators, and switching to energy-efficient appliances. All the while, the two have maintained a sophisticated yet comfortable mix of Spanish and Mexican décor, along with a laundry list of activities that would appeal to just about anybody. Visitors can spend the day exploring the terrain of the neighboring San

Pedro Riparian National Conservation Area and Huachuca Mountains, wearing out their binoculars on a yellow-billed cuckoo, roaming through the Casa’s labyrinth or butterfly garden, or kicking back on the patio or by the pool.

But it’s not the feathered friends, eco amenities and outdoor activities alone that draw people to Casa de San Pedro. It’s the food. And it’s not just the award-winning full breakfasts made each morning, or the renowned freshly home-baked pies, cookies and brownies that warm the senses each afternoon. It’s also the creations of “Cooking Light with Lark Beaugureau” classes that turn the Casa into a gastronomic delight. On the fourth Saturday of each month, Lark, an aptly named cookbook author and local caterer, presides over themed, multicourse dinners that guests prepare and enjoy together in the Casa’s kitchen and window-studded dining room.

Whether you’re looking for rare birds, romance, memorable meals, or simply a diamond in the Southern Arizona lodging rough, Casa de San Pedro is the perfect place to land.

Casa de San Pedro is located at 8933 S. Yell Lane, just off State Route 92, in Hereford. For more information, call 520-366-1300 or visit casadesanpedro.com.

Don’t Just Mimic the Masters

Although emulating great photographers is a great way to learn the art, to become a professional, you’ll have to develop your own style.

By **JEFF KIDA**, photo editor

Since digital cameras have opened up the field of photography to a wider population — and e-mail made it easier to send photos — I’m looking at more submissions to the magazine than ever before. As both a photographer and photo editor, I’ve had the opportunity to analyze photos from behind the lens and behind the desk.

Like photography itself, the editorial process is mostly intuitive. Basically, I’m looking to answer three key questions. First, does the photo transport me out of my office and make me think, “What would it be like to be in that place and experience those surroundings?” Second, does it share information, does it teach me something, or does it help me to understand? And most importantly, does the photograph stir up an emotion?

The obvious first step when trying to get your work published in a magazine, this one included, is to study it — pay close attention to style and content. Often-times, photographers attempt to emulate the work of those they see. Although copying successful people is a great way to learn, there are thousands of other people with the same idea. As a result, we receive a lot of photos at *Arizona Highways* that look very, very similar. Many have been taken from the same overlooks at the same time of day during the same season.

That’s not what I’m looking for. I’m looking for something different. Trying to replicate a photo from the February issue is like a writer flipping through the magazine, seeing an article on “Iconic Arizona,” and then pitching an article on “Iconic Arizona.” Instead, use the magazine as a jumping-off point.

Here’s what to do: Drive to the estab-

lished locations, make the obvious photographs. And then push yourself. Travel to less-frequented locations, take a good tripod, shoot in low light and during weather conditions when others have packed up.

Don’t be afraid to experiment. The important thing is to work on your own vision. Ask yourself: Is there a better way to see the subject? Can I recompose to tell the story more directly? Can I simplify?

When I’m photographing, I feel my way through situations more than I analyze them. While I’ll never stop growing and being pleasantly surprised, I learned the rules of composition many years ago and resurrect them only when I teach. When you get behind the wheel of your car, do you consciously think about the gas and brake pedals? You don’t, and that’s what you want from your photography — the freedom to create without having to refer to textbooks.

Consider this. For many years I’ve followed the work of David Muench. Compositionally, one of the things that sets his photography apart is his extreme placement of horizons. His narrow slivers of sky are

often located far above and below the traditional rule of thirds. By adjusting his horizons so dramatically, David makes his images both compelling and unique. When I asked him about this, he said he was a student of Japanese art, and in Japan, they see the world differently than Westerners.

To create something unique in any art form, it’s important to study the masters, learn the rules, and sometimes break them. Ask Picasso, or the Japanese artists, or David Muench.

Then ask yourself, “How do I see the world differently?”

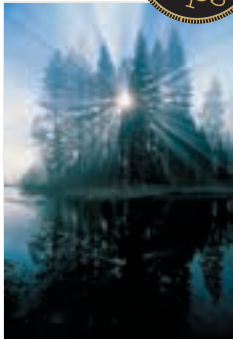


JEFF KIDA

The horizon in this photo was purposely placed high in the frame. I wanted to use the natural log roll created by years of erosion to tell the story of transformation. There was no reason to include any more sky.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

In its most basic form, photography is all about capturing light. The very best photographers are able to take advantage of dramatic lighting opportunities brought about by dynamic



PETER EISENBERGER

weather conditions, giving their work an added dimension. It’s not uncommon for landscape photographers to monitor storm fronts and seasonal changes with their gear always at the ready. In the photo above, the photographer almost drove into a ditch when he witnessed the sun’s rays being filtered through the pine trees and dawn mist. Although he felt lucky to capture the moment, he’d always been on the lookout for just such a moment. As they say: Luck favors the well prepared.

EDITOR’S NOTE: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and arizona highways.com.

ONLINE

For more photography tips and other information, visit arizonahighways.com and click on “Photo Tips.”



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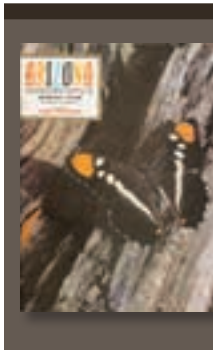
Executive Order 9066

During World War II, Arizona was home to two internment camps. Although President Roosevelt signed the order, his wife disapproved, especially after a visit to the Gila River Camp.

By SALLY BENFORD

THE USS ARIZONA WAS sunk in the attack on Pearl Harbor. It was the first of two historic World War II events linked to the Grand Canyon State. The second began in February 1942. That's when President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, which ordered people of Japanese descent living in the western United States to report to relocation centers, better known as internment camps.

Arizona was home to two such camps: Gila River Relocation Center and Poston Relocation Center. The Gila River camps (Butte and Canal) opened in July 1942, and even though the center was originally scheduled to hold 10,000 residents, the 15,000-acre camp eventually became home to more than 13,000 people of Japanese descent, and they stayed for three years. A 1942 *Arizona Republic* story described the camp as Arizona's "fourth largest city."



50 years ago

IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Photography is a trademark of this magazine — that's why Ansel Adams was a regular contributor. In March 1959, our color portfolio featured wildlife from up and down the food chain. In addition, photographer Willis Peterson offered tips for making high-quality nature images.

Dillon Myer, National Director of the War Relocation Authority, accompanies Eleanor Roosevelt at the Gila River Relocation Center.

Gila River's infrastructure included schools, hospitals, flower gardens, ball fields, and even a gymnasium and auditorium built by the residents. Japanese farmers at Gila River maintained large vegetable gardens and, out of necessity, the residents raised cattle, hogs and chickens. This farm provided not only the Gila River mess halls with fresh vegetables, milk, eggs and meat, but food was sent to other relocation camps as well.

Gila River was said to be the most relaxed of all the camps; some even described it as a showplace, which is why President Roosevelt sent First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt there in April 1943 to check on conditions and report back. The president wanted to know if the detainees were indeed "living like kings," as some had suggested. According to his wife, they were not.

In an essay for *Colliers* magazine following her visit, Mrs. Roosevelt explained that conditions were far from ideal. Noting the desert dust as one of the worst hardships, she wrote: "This makes a high wind a pretty disagreeable experience as you are enveloped in dust. It chokes you and brings about irritations of the nose and throat."

"On the day I was at Gila there was no butter and no sugar on the tables. The food was rice and fish and greens. Neither in the stock-rooms, nor on the tables, did I notice any kind of extravagance."

Camp problems included chronic water shortages, overcrowding, and heating and cooling issues.

The First Lady had been against the idea of Japanese internment from the beginning, and what she witnessed at Gila River reinforced that opinion. "To undo a mistake is always harder than not to create one originally," she wrote. "But we seldom have the foresight."

This month in history

■ The Arizona Territorial Legislature adopted the saguaro blossom as Arizona's official flower in March 1901.

■ On March 12, 1895, the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railroad pulled into the Phoenix depot for the first time. The route linked Phoenix with Northern Arizona, where travelers heading east or west connected to the Santa Fe route.

■ Seeking revenge for the murder of his brother Morgan, Wyatt Earp allegedly killed Curly Bill Brocius on March 24, 1882, near Iron Springs in southeastern Arizona.

Puff Daddy

Chuckwallas are colorful, but even more impressive is their ability to inflate with air to fend off predators. By LEAH DURAN

Chuckwallas are big and brightly colored, but these shy and elusive lizards are hard to find without patience and a good pair of binoculars. They're even harder to catch. When chuckwallas feel threatened, they wedge themselves into the nearest rock crevice by inflating with air, making it difficult for predators to extract them.

This self-defense mechanism, however, was no match for the Shoshones, Paiutes and other Indians who liked to eat chuckwallas. Using pointed sticks, they'd deflate the swollen lizards, pull them out of the rocks and

serve them for dinner. As the largest native iguanid in the United States — chuckwallas range from 11 to 16.5 inches in length — they would have made a hearty meal. They're colorful, too.

For example, the male chuckwallas on Phoenix's South Mountain boast black bodies with vibrant carrot-orange tails, a trait exclusive to this location. The bright color attracts females and comes from the intermingled red and yellow pigments found in the plants they eat — ocotillo, desert lavender and little-leaf paloverde.

Chuckwallas living south of the Salt and Gila rivers have the same black bodies as the South Mountain species, but their tails are yellow. To the north, the Glen Canyon population near Page features a tricolor pattern: black head and limbs, a yellowish white tail and orange bands around the torso.

Although chuckwallas are no longer threatened by Indians, they're now being hunted by collectors looking to sell them as pets. The chuckwallas on South Mountain are especially desired for their distinctive coloring. What's more, public access to their habitat creates greater vulnerability. The Arizona Game and Fish Department banned the

nature factoid



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

In Full Bloom

Each spring, bursts of lilac and blue-gray appear on desert roadsides as desert lupines bloom. So named because of its fuzzy stalk, the lupine is a favorite among honeybees and bumblebees, which are drawn to the plant's appealing color. After a heavy rainfall, the fragrant flowers blanket the floor of the Sonoran Desert.



FRANK ZULLO

removal of South Mountain chuckwallas in 1997, but illegal collecting continues.

Wresting the lizards from their hideouts not only threatens the chuckwallas, but it also causes habitat destruction, says Dr. Matthew Kwiatkowski, an assistant professor of biology at Stephen F. Austin State University in Texas, who studied chuckwallas in Arizona.

"What people will do is take a crowbar and pry the crevice open and tear up the rock," he says. "Turns out, these rock crevices aren't all the same — some are good for chuckwallas because they have the right temperature or a little higher humidity."

Adding to the threat is the fact that chuckwallas, which can live up to 20 years in captivity, produce limited offspring. In dry years when food is scarce, females won't reproduce at all, Kwiatkowski says.

"The South Mountain chuckwalla is a unique biological treasure," he says. "And like any treasure, you want to protect it."

If you witness the poaching of a chuckwalla, call the Operation Game Thief hotline at 800-352-0700. If possible, note the location of the activity, a description of the poacher(s) and any license-plate numbers.



LES DAVID MANEVITZ

Nature Festival

MARCH 20-21
AVONDALE

Discover the history, ecology and biology of the Gila, Salt and Agua Fria rivers during the Tres Rios Nature and Earth Festival. The event, held at the Arizona Game and Fish Department Wildlife Area on the Gila River, offers a great opportunity to learn about the area's unique ecosystem through nature walks, canoe floats, fishing clinics, educational tours, bird-watching excursions, a children's area and hikes. *Information: 623-204-2130 or tresriosnaturefestival.com.*



Ostrich Festival

MARCH 13-15 CHANDLER

Celebrate Chandler's ostrich-ranching history, along with the world's fastest creature on two legs, during this one-of-a-kind festival. A parade kicks off the event, which includes ostrich races, a carnival, live entertainment, more than 150 exhibitors displaying arts and crafts, a history fair, food vendors and a Kids Zone with face-painting, water tattoos and old-fashioned games. *Information: 480-963-4571 or ostrichfestival.com.*

Civil War Re-Enactment

MARCH 20-23 PICACHO PEAK

Union and Confederate "soldiers" skirmish during a simulation of the Battle of Picacho Pass, Arizona's only Civil War battle. Enthusiasts depicting cavalry soldiers and artillerymen demonstrate military techniques. The event includes presentations of Civil War military drills,



COURTESY ARIZONA STATE PARKS

surgical procedures, band practice and church services, and a walk-through of the soldiers' encampment, which is decked out with period tents and equipment. *Information: azstateparks.com.*



DAVID ZICKL

Spring Training

MARCH 1-31 PHOENIX, TUCSON

Last year, the Cactus League set an attendance record with more than 1.3 million fans. This year, it welcomes two new teams — the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Cleveland Indians. In all, 14 teams compete at 11 ballparks in Metro Phoenix and Tucson. Many games sell out, so it's best to order tickets in advance. *Information: cactusleague.com.*



KERRICK JAMES

Photo Workshop

Capture the spirit of the Old West during our Ghost Towns of the Southwest Photo Workshop. Travel to Vulture Mine, Castle Dome, Ruby, Chloride and other haunts to photograph the unique reminders of what were once some of Arizona's busiest towns. *Information: 888-790-7042 or friendsofhighways.com.*



PETER SCHWEPKER

Art Walk

MARCH 4 FLAGSTAFF

Featuring more than 40 venues, the First Friday Art Walk in historic downtown Flagstaff offers an opportunity to talk with artists in their studios, and check out everything from oil paintings, ceramics and jewelry to hand-blown glass and photography. Afterward, enjoy dinner or drinks at one of several downtown cafés. *Information: 928-779-2300 or culturalpartners.org.*



Prasad Menon, participant



Lana Shpiar, participant



Ralph Lee Hopkins, instructor



Gary Ladd, instructor

2009 Photo Workshops

- Journey throughout Southern Arizona to enjoy its varied breathtaking scenery (Feb. 25-March 1).
- Master digital workflow with the help of Photoshop expert Steve Burger (Grand Canyon Photoshop Seminar, Aug. 14-17; Sedona Fall Photoshop Seminar, Oct. 23-26).
- Photograph amazing ruins in the Wild West's best ghost towns with lead photographer Kerrick James (April 6-10).
- Enjoy the twisting interiors of some of Arizona's amazing slot canyons (April 24-28; Sept. 4-8).
- Get away to a local dude ranch to photograph cowboys and cowgirls in action, as well as horse drives, cattle penning, barrel racing and more (Horses & Cowboys, April 29-May 3).
- Experience an exhilarating rafting adventure through the Grand Canyon (April 29-May 10).
- Develop and refine photographic technique in Monument Valley and Canyon de Chelly (May 8-12; Oct. 27-31).
- Sample Northern Arizona's premier landscapes, including the Grand Canyon, the slot canyons, Monument Valley, Canyon de Chelly and Sedona (Best of the West, May 16-21).
- Select from several exciting workshops led by Navajo photographer LeRoy DeJolie (Hunt's Mesa & Monument Valley, May 22-26; Slot Canyons, Sept. 4-8; Spirits of the Navajo, Sept. 9-13).
- Photograph the Grand Canyon's spectacular North Rim at the height of fall color (Sept. 30-Oct. 4).
- Travel with Gary Ladd to breathtaking waterfalls, reflective pools and amazing rock formations (Preposterous Landscapes, Oct. 17-22; Lake Powell by Houseboats, Nov. 14-18).

These are just a few of the workshops we conduct throughout Arizona and the West.

When you participate in one of the many photography workshops sponsored by Friends of Arizona Highways, you'll learn from the best professional photographers in the business while visiting some of the West's most stunning landscapes.

EDUCATE.
MOTIVATE.
INSPIRE.

To obtain a free color brochure containing all 2009 workshops and prices, visit us online at www.friendsofhighways.com, or call **888-790-7042**.





IN FULL BLOOM

✿ EVERY MARCH WE DEDICATE ABOUT A DOZEN PAGES TO DESERT WILDFLOWERS. THIS YEAR, WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN. POPPIES, PENSTEMON, PRIMROSE ... THEY'RE ALL HERE, AND THEY'RE ALL WORTH A LOOK. IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO BEYOND THE TWO DIMENSIONS OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHY, WE ALSO OFFER 10 SCENIC HIKES FOR SURROUNDING YOURSELF WITH WILDFLOWERS. AS YOU'LL SEE, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SPRINGTIME IN THE SONORAN DESERT. IMAGINE DOROTHY ON HER WAY TO SEE THE WIZARD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK LAUSEN



WILDFLOWER HOTLINE

Because Mother Nature has a mind of her own, Arizona's wildflower season varies from year to year. Without winter rain, an explosion of flowers in the spring is usually a long shot. At press time, we had no idea how much rain we'd get. By the time you read this, though, we'll have a much better idea. That's where our Web site comes in. Visit arizonahighways.com, click "Online Extras," and we'll give you the latest on this year's wildflower season. For additional information, call Desert Botanical Garden at 480-941-1225, or visit dbg.org.

 Vivid blue lupines rise above a carpet of Mexican goldpoppies at Picacho Peak State Park in Southern Arizona.

RANDY PRENTICE



JACK DYKINGA

☐ Patches of snowball sand verbenas and evening primrose dot the sand dunes of Vermilion Cliffs National Monument (above), and sego lilies (right) add a splash of pink to the Arizona landscape.



TIM FITZHARRIS



🌿 A blanket of purple owl clover, bracketed by yellow brittlebush, cloaks the desert slopes leading to the Superstition Mountains.



JACK DYKINGA



TIM FITZHARRIS

From May to July, scarlet-colored claret cup cactus blooms (left) are easy to spot in Arizona's high desert hillsides and cliffs. A young Rufous hummingbird pollinates a scarlet penstemon (above).



▶ A prime wildflower-viewing site in good years, Utery Mountain Regional Park offers hikers a splendid spring show. PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ENSENBARGER



WHERE TO HIT THE TRAIL



» LOST DUTCHMAN STATE PARK

Apache Junction

Whether you're looking for legendary lost gold mines or Mexican goldpoppies, you're bound to find something bright and beautiful when hiking in Lost Dutchman State Park. From Coulter's lupine to brittlebrush and scorpionweed, plenty of spring blooms dot the landscape, including the area around nearby Weavers Needle, where the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine is rumored to be located.

Directions: From Phoenix, take U.S. Route 60 east to Tomahawk Road and turn left. Follow Tomahawk Road for approximately 3.1 miles to N. Apache Trail/State Route 88, turn right, and follow the signs to the park.

Information: 480-982-4485 or azstateparks.com/parks/lotu

» SWEETWATER TRAIL

Saguaro National Park West

There are more than 165 miles of hiking trails in Saguaro National Park, which means beginning trekkers and seasoned pros alike will find a walk that works. There's only one, however, that leads to Wasson Peak, the highest point in the Tucson Mountains. The 3.4-mile Sweetwater Trail plays host to dozens of wild blooms, including brittlebrush, hedgehog cactus blooms, Esteve's pincushion, desert rose mallow, larkspur and resurrection fern.

Directions: On the west side of Tucson, drive northwest on Silverbell Road to El Camino del Cerro, which approaches the eastern side of Saguaro National Park West. Turn left (west) and drive to the Sweetwater trailhead at the end of El Camino del Cerro.

Information: 520-733-5153 or nps.gov/sagu

» GO JOHN TRAIL

Cave Creek Regional Park

This 4.8-mile loop hike is a favorite among Metro Phoenix residents looking to escape the concrete jungle for a few hours, and for good reason — it's close enough to the city to be convenient, but once you're on the trail, all of the hustle and bustle of city life disappears. The Go John Trail begins as an easy walk, and then climbs gradually across washes and poppy-blanketed passes.

Directions: From Phoenix, go north on Cave Creek Road to the Carefree Highway and turn left. Turn right on 32nd Street and follow the signs to the Cave Creek Regional Park. A minimal fee is required to enter the park.

Information: 623-465-0431 or maricopa.gov/parks/cave_creek

» ALAMO LAKE STATE PARK

Wenden

Tucked inside the Bill Williams River Valley, west of Phoenix, the 2,400-acre Alamo Lake is a sanctuary for anglers, campers and hikers alike. In addition to countless water recreation opportunities, the park also features miles of hiking trails that spotlight spring's most beautiful blooms, including bursts of bright orange desert globemallow and brilliant blue lupine.

Directions: From Phoenix, drive west on Interstate 10 for approximately 95 miles to New Hope/Vicksburg, Exit 45. Turn right (north) onto Vicksburg Road and drive 6 miles to U.S. Route 60 and turn right (east). Drive 14 miles to Wenden, turn left (north) onto Alamo Road and follow for 33 miles to the park entrance.

Information: 928-669-2088 or azstateparks.com/parks/alla

» BOYCE THOMPSON ARBORETUM STATE PARK

Superior

After spending years in politics, millionaire engineer and war veteran Colonel William Boyce Thompson decided to turn his attention to a home he was building — the Picket Post House — in the Arizona mountains near Superior. When someone asked the colonel how much land he owned, Thompson replied, "I own it all as far as the eye can see." Some of that land is now home to Boyce Thompson Arboretum State Park, which plays host each spring to wildflowers as far as the eye can see, including scarlet pimpernel, snapdragon, larkspur, desert lavender and Mariposa lily.

Directions: From Phoenix, go east on U.S. 60 for approximately 55 miles to Milepost 223 near Superior and follow the signs to the arboretum.

Information: 520-689-2811 or azstateparks.com/parks/both

» WIND CAVE TRAIL

Utery Mountain Regional Park

With more than 29 miles of trails to explore on foot, horseback or mountain bike, Utery Mountain Regional Park is an outdoor adventurer's dream. A favorite trail among avid hikers is the Wind Cave Trail, which provides access to the adjacent Tonto National Forest, as well as the trail's namesake: a wind-pummeled overhang known as the wind cave. And, of course, you'll see flowers — scorpionweed, brittlebrush, poppies and lupine to name a few.

Directions: From Phoenix, go east on State Route 202 to McKellips Road and turn right. Follow McKellips Road for approximately 12 miles to Ellsworth Road/Utery Park Road, turn left, and follow the signs to the park.

Information: 480-984-0032 or maricopa.gov/parks/utery

» SIPHON DRAW TRAIL

Superstition Mountains

This strenuous hike passes through Lost Dutchman State Park, then ventures into the more rugged Superstition Wilderness, where the once well-marked dirt path evolves into a rocky, less clearly defined trail. The scramble is worth it, though, especially as you arrive at a large stone basin. There, a waterfall marks the official end of the Siphon Draw Trail and makes a great place to take a breather among some of the season's prettiest blooms.

Directions: From Phoenix, take U.S. 60 east to Tomahawk Road and turn left. Follow Tomahawk Road for approximately 3.1 miles to N. Apache Trail/State Route 88, turn right, and follow the signs to the park.

Information: 480-982-4485 or azstateparks.com/parks/lotu

» PICACHO PEAK STATE PARK

Picacho

Site of the only Civil War battle in Arizona, Picacho Peak State Park is a popular destination for both war buffs and hikers alike. In fact, every March, 200 Civil War re-enactors descend on the park on horseback and foot to relive the less than two-hour battle. Even if you're not into history, you'll be amazed by the park's spectacular scenery, especially when its trails are blanketed with Mexican goldpoppies. There's something for all skill levels, too, from the easy Children's Cave Trail to the strenuous, experts-only Hunter Trail.

Directions: From Phoenix, go east on Interstate 10 for approximately 74 miles to Picacho Peak Road (Exit 219), turn right, and follow the signs to the park.

Information: 520-466-3183 or azstateparks.com/parks/pipe

» BUTTERFLY TRAIL

Santa Catalina Mountains

The Butterfly Trail is so named for good reason: Each spring, butterflies flock to the trail to drink from the thousands of vibrant wildflowers that layer the Coronado National Forest. This relatively easy trek also includes stunning views of Tucson, Alder Canyon and the San Pedro Valley, as well as a great introduction to the area's trees, including box elder, bigtooth maple, Douglas fir and Arizona madrone.

Directions: In Tucson, go east on Grant Road for 8 miles to Tanque Verde Road. Continue east on Tanque Verde for 3 miles to the Catalina Highway. From there, drive 4.2 miles to the forest boundary, and continue 19 miles to the Palisades Visitor Information Center. The trailhead is located at the north end of the parking lot.

Information: 520-749-8700 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

» PHONE LINE TRAIL

Tucson

This paved trail traverses a slope just south of Sabino Creek in Tucson's popular Sabino Canyon, and provides a fantastic opportunity to experience the Sonoran Desert's amazing wildlife. Ample winter rainfall leads to impressive blooms along the trail this time of year, and designated picnic areas in the park provide the perfect spots to sit back and enjoy the views.

Directions: In Tucson, drive east on Grant Road for 8 miles to Tanque Verde Road, then east on Tanque Verde Road for about three-quarters of a mile to Sabino Canyon Road. Drive north on Sabino Canyon Road to the recreation area — just north of Sunrise Road. The parking lot is on the right.

Information: 520-388-8300 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado ■

BY KELLY KRAMER



Ancient Creeks

There are some obvious reasons to go backpacking in the Aravaipa Canyon Wilderness — spectacular scenery, perennial streams, rare wildlife, peace and quiet. Less obvious is the water itself, which, according to radiocarbon tests, is up to 15,000 years old. Chances are, it dates back to the last ice age, when ancient water was stored deep within the rocky cores of the mountains. No wonder our writer was in no hurry to get back to civilization.

BY CRAIG CHILDS

Quiet conversations of water moved through a forest. Words chattered across smooth, black stones as a clear stream turned one way and then another, threading among jail bars of tree roots. Where the sun reached through a canopy of sycamores and alders, light etched the water, igniting stones at the bottom of the stream.

Aravaipa Creek is famous for scenes like this, but this was not Aravaipa. It was one of Aravaipa's numerous sisters, a small creek flowing out of the Galiuro Mountains in Southeast Arizona, its water eventually bound for Aravaipa itself. This is one of the nameless places, overgrown and heaped with boulders.

I walked along the stream with my young son, Jasper. He held my finger firmly, not yet comfortable walking on his own. He used his other hand to part grass in front of him. My wife and our friend had gone ahead to scout a side canyon in search of routes.

Waiting for their return, Jasper and I strolled along the stream, following bends of moss and cobbles. I crouched under fallen lances of alder trees, twisting around to keep my finger available as Jasper led me through green shade and toward the mumble of water.

Places like this are secret and untroubled, like bits of legend scattered across the desert. Each of the Sky Island mountain ranges in Southeast Arizona, like the Galiuros, lets out veins of streams, allowing life to flourish. A radiocarbon test of some of this water revealed that it could be 15,000 years old. It's probably left over from the last ice age, ancient water stored

■ Placid water in Hell's Half Acre Canyon reflects the sheer walls and box elders. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

RIGHT: Turkey Creek Cliff Dwelling is an ancient and well-preserved remnant of the Salado people who lived in Aravaipa Canyon more than 600 years ago. PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDY PRENTICE



deep within the rocky cores of mountains, slowly bubbling up into daylight.

My son and I passed beneath mansions of sycamore trees, their leaves as big as hands. Branches of the larger trees cover half an acre of ground, fleshy bark knobbed with orifices — folds of wood and bark that looked like ears and nostrils, like fat-skinned wrinkles. Wild grape vines coil up the trunks and hang from branches. Life piled on life, a single organism of forest. Even alder trees toppled by floods had sprouted again, their branches turning vertical, sending leaves toward the meager skylight, and roots down through cobbles below, unable to resist another chance at living.

For variety, I turned us away from the stream. We followed a spur of a side drainage, its cobblestones damp with moss. Dark troops of oak trees gathered around us. We slowly rose into a field of cliffs, a huge canyon surrounding us, its walls weeping with springs. I hitched Jasper onto my side and climbed a little higher, reaching for holds through ferns and moss.

“Hold tight,” I said, and I felt Jasper’s arms instantly pinch at my side, his little shoes digging like spurs into my waist.

Now we were in the forest canopy, edgewise to the half-acre branches, able to see birds as they piped and warbled from their perches — a yellow breast, one dashed with green, shoulders of red. I stopped and swiped water off a rock with two fingers and brought my fingers to my lips, wondering if this was rain or snow that had fallen in Pleistocene times, my lips the first to touch it since then. Jasper leaned his head out, reaching a curious hand, wanting me to touch his lips, too. I did. He tasted spring water fresh out of the Earth with a little grit of stone, the clean savor of ice long melted.

Jasper gave me a squeeze and a high-pitched utterance, reminding me of his other needs. I pulled a strip of jerky from my pocket, chewed off its tip and then passed a sweet plum of meat into his mouth. He took it without response. If he felt gratitude, it showed only in the way he continued to hold onto me. I put my fingers in the spring water again and tapped them on his lips. He grinned.

My small family and I had been traveling for weeks in the area, rationing diapers, staying near dependable water sources for drinking and bathing. We set camps on canyon rims and along ridges. Our friend Colin, another wilderness traveler, came along to help, knowing that travel with a baby was much more work.

Later that day we all regrouped, and Colin and I set off to see what we could find. We were trying to grasp the lay of the immediate country, seeking routes that could later be traveled with a baby in tow. Colin was fast, and eventually I had to stop for a break. My feet were bleeding. We were wearing sandals instead of boots. Sandals proved better for making distance in this kind of country, getting in and out of water, sinking into wet sand and climbing out the other side. But they weren’t much good for protection.

I sat on a shelf of rock and pulled off one of my sandals. A splinter of a twig stuck out of the soft skin of my sole. I gripped it firmly between thumb and forefinger and pulled it out, eliciting a quick barb of pain. I hunkered down to a pool of fresh water, where I cupped my hands and washed my feet, rubbing dirt out of a score of minor wounds. I reached

■ Ancient streams trickle over volcanic boulders in a side canyon, filling pools within Aravaipa Canyon Wilderness. PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDY PRENTICE





up and pinched off a leaf of lavender from a powder-blue-tinged plant beside me. I rubbed the leaf until it was moist on my fingers and dabbed it on the fresh, red abrasion on my right foot. I was ready to go again.

We found the tributaries of Aravaipa deeply incised, winding down through canyons and cliffs, restricting the number of routes. Just finding a way back to camp by dark was going to be a challenge. Colin and I reached a ridge to get a view, well above the forest. High desert vegetation surrounded us: agaves, mesquites, prickly pears and beargrass shaded by gnarled thickets of scrub oak. From there we saw down into the next canyon, and the one past that, and one past that again. The sisters of Aravaipa are many. My heart was drumming from the scramble, breath pushing in and out. I turned and looked behind us, seeing the same as what we saw ahead — bleached heads of stone standing up from canyons.

Colin and I trotted along the ridge until it gave out and embarked downward, hoping to enter the right drainage, the one that would lead toward our camp. We started running, taking advantage of the steep terrain. White-tailed deer bolted in front of us, flashing out of the brush and into sunlight. They sprinted along a slope beside us and we kept pace with them, breaking this way and that as we sank into the shadows of a new canyon, one we thought would take us home. Cliffs rose around us, enormous passageways opening, leading us to steep and rocky routes.

We moved quickly through the somber light of dusk. Gray tree frogs clung to walls around us. Their long, high songs swelled into the canyon. As we neared them, each frog jettisoned like tiny cliff divers plunking down into pools of water collected in the scoured, bedrock basins below. We climbed over the basins, and wedged ourselves down along a tightening corridor. There were no trails, no signs. We read the land carefully, but soon found ourselves trapped.

Our canyon had funneled into a plummet with cold, black holes of water drilled into the floor. Colin took one last running leap, bounding over several of these water tanks. He spanned the last one, and landed on its dry lip, teetering for a moment, peering out.

“Does it go?” I asked, wondering if there was a route, or if we were going to have to turn back. Colin looked straight down past the toes of his sandals, his arms stretched to both sides as if he were standing on a tightrope.

“Does it go?” I repeated.

“Dead end,” Colin said. He’d vaulted his way to a thin purchase of rock over a free-fall canyon.

I quickly scanned up the walls around me, seeing a few ledges I could use to climb out. Colin was an accomplished climber. I’d seen him do things on rock I would have thought physically impossible. He didn’t need my help.

“Good luck,” I told him. “I’ll see you down below somewhere.”

I climbed ledge by ledge. From higher up, I glanced at Colin still standing at an edge below me. He was taking a few breaths to consider his options. I could see now what he was faced with. Balanced on a few inches of bare stone with a pool of water as dark

as onyx behind him, he was looking a couple hundred feet into empty space, the canyon dropping out from under him. Knowing he’d manage just fine, I didn’t look back at him again.

After about 10 minutes of inching around wall after wall, I found a slope of rock rubble. I skittered into a narrow crevasse, popping out the other side not far above the canyon floor.

Just as I expected, Colin was already ahead of me. He’d found some backdoor route and had beaten me down, no doubt losing some skin in the process, his blood still hot with adrenalin. We slid and scratched through sharp-edged rocks, setting some rolling, kicking up dust for 10, 20 feet. Toward the bottom, the rocks became boulders as big as washing machines. Below them were boulders the size of houses. We climbed cracks between them, descending into a canopy of sycamores.

When we reached the bottom, daylight was nearly gone. We found the stream where we’d started, and followed it, moving across beds

There were no trails, no signs. We read the land carefully, but soon found ourselves trapped.

of moss and broken tree stumps. With no more exposed rock, no more sudden falls, we walked with a lazy, exhausted stride, our feet painted in leaf dirt and blood. Sycamore trees sank into darkness as we felt our way along. We had headlamps in our packs but didn’t get them out. A last trace of light remained to show the way, a vaporous glow, as if a modicum of daylight had not been able to find its way out of the canyon.

A baby’s cry lifted from the darkness ahead. It was the call of my son’s hunger. It cried, *comfort, warmth, need*, echoing among trees, muted by leaves and trunks. Just as quickly, the voice was quieted. In the night beyond us, in a camp too far away for us to see, Jasper had been given whatever he needed. My body relaxed; I was almost home. ■

► Cattails line the banks of Aravaipa Creek as it winds through the surrounding wilderness near Hell-hole Canyon. PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDY PRENTICE

RIGHT: At the east end of Aravaipa Canyon Wilderness, a rock formation called The Chimney rises above the canyon and towers over verdant stands of cottonwood trees. PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDY PRENTICE





*Norman Wallace
worked on railroads, bridges and
highways, including Route 66
and the Black Canyon Highway.
That was his day job. For the
heck of it, he took photographs.
Thousands and thousands of
photographs. Forests, canyons,
missions, caves, ancient ruins—
he shot just about everything.
And along the way, he built an
amazing legacy of art and history.*

LEFT: In 1932, Wallace began work on U.S. Route 66, shown here winding its way through Western Arizona's Black Mountains.

RIGHT: Norman Wallace (far right) posed on the other side of the camera with fellow crew members. The man who spent most of his life building roads and bridges found refuge in photography, chronicling his work with thousands of photographs.



King of the Roads

BY KATHLEEN WALKER

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A

GOOD ROAD CAN BE A THING OF BEAUTY WHEN YOU'VE GOT SOMEPLACE TO GO. AND WHO WOULD DISCOUNT THE VALUE OF A BRIDGE WHEN YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CROSS? BUT TO SEE THE WORLD THE WAY NORMAN WALLACE SAW IT — TO TRAVEL FROM PRE-REVOLUTION MEXICO TO ARIZONA ... WELL, THAT'S A TRIP.

In 1999, the Arizona History Museum in Tucson began the process required to make the Wallace collection available to researchers. What they found in the 41 boxes of 5,000 images, albums, prints and negatives was a treasure. Black and white might predominate, but the glow given off by this collection is pure gold.

"It's a major collection," says Riva Dean, archives director of the museum. What's more, the majority of these photos have never been seen before.

"He had a really good eye," Dean says. "So, aesthetically, they're really amazing photographs."

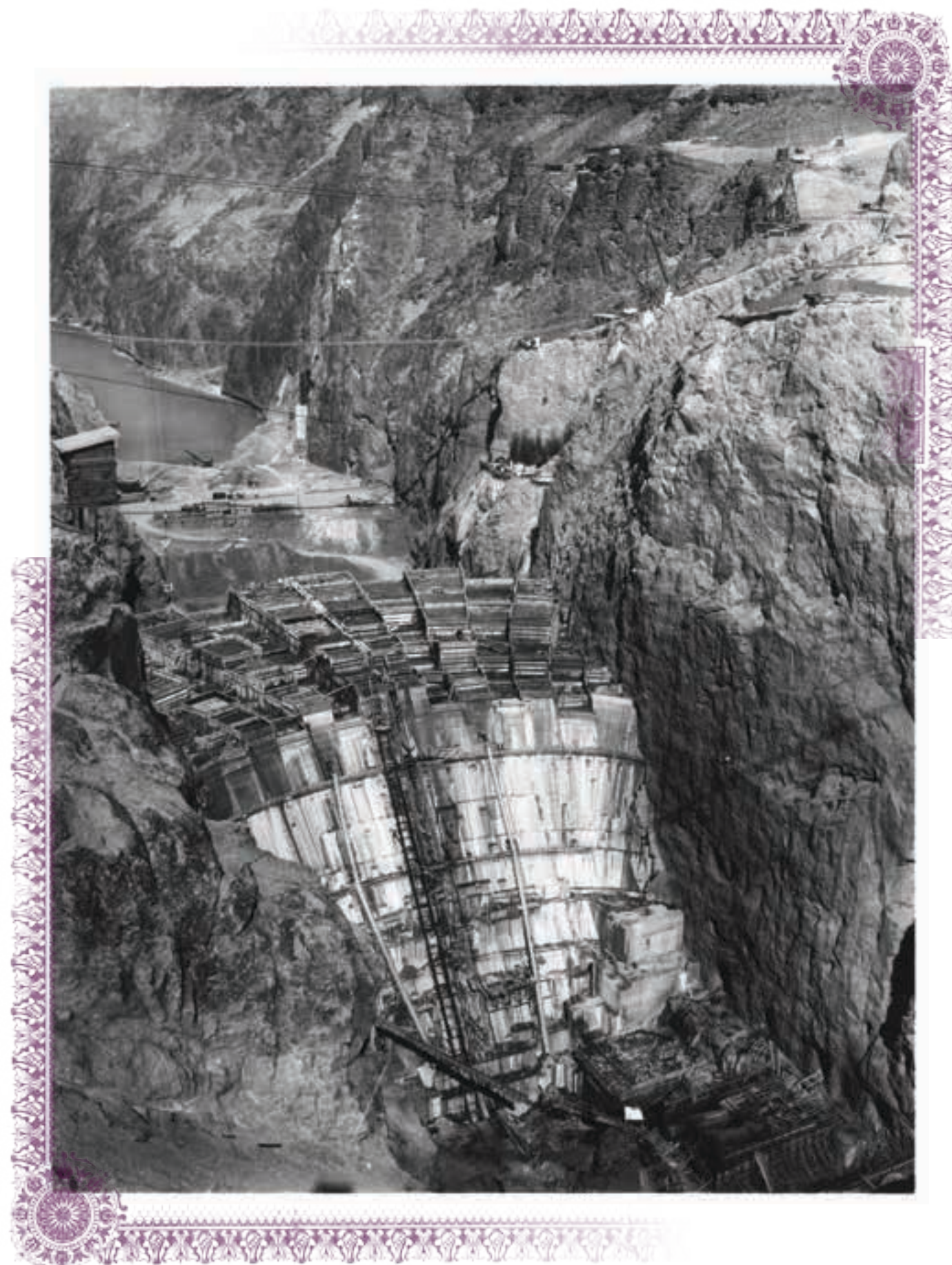
Wallace, who was born in Ohio, arrived in Tucson in 1906, 20 years old and handsome as a movie-star cowboy. He'd come west to work for the Southern Pacific, building railroads in Mexico. And he brought a friend along for the ride.

"I had a little bit of a camera," he recalled almost 70 years later. "I think they call it 4-A, a Kodak box camera." One camera or another would be by his side for the next 40 years.



Wallace documented Arizona's roads after they were completed (above) and during the initial building phase (below), when draft horses provided some much-needed muscle.

RIGHT: Wallace was interested in many aspects of Arizona's new infrastructure in the 1930s, including the construction of Boulder Dam (now Hoover Dam).





While traveling around the state, Wallace took time to photograph many iconic Arizona structures, such as the interior and exterior (left and above) of Mission San Xavier del Bac.

RIGHT: Wallace recorded the Cameron Suspension Bridge, which is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

"I walked from the Arizona Canal to Flagstaff twice," he recalled. "Somebody had to find out where that road was going."

He moved from railroading to bridge-building to mining, from Mexico to Arizona. In 1932, he joined the Arizona Highway Department and spent the next 23 years surveying and plotting the routes of new highways. If you've ever driven in Arizona, you know his work; he was the engineer who carved the way.

His first assignment was on a little strip of road across Northern Arizona, which would later roll into the legendary Route 66. He also did the location work for the Black Canyon Highway, which runs from Phoenix to Flagstaff. He later described it as "some of my hardest work." The job began in 1945. He was 60 years old.

"I walked from the Arizona Canal [in North Phoenix] ... to Flagstaff twice," he recalled in a 1975 interview. "Somebody had to find out where that road was going."

He also was well acquainted with the early years of State Route 84, which then ran from Tucson to Gila Bend, former U.S. Route 70 from Globe to the New Mexico line, U.S. Route 89 up Mingus Mountain, and old U.S. Route 80 (now State Route 80) running north of Bisbee. He knew a time when mule teams were still being used to build those roads, and he took the pictures.

He photographed the pastoral scenes of early 1900s Mexico, then the horrors of revolution that followed. He captured the towns and land of Arizona before statehood. Forests, canyons, Spanish missions, caves, ancient ruins ... all were fodder for his camera.

As were the bridges, the dams and the roads, always the roads. In 1968, Wallace turned over an estimated 2,000 of his images to the Arizona High-

way Department. Following his death in 1983 at the age of 98, his wife, Henrietta, gave an additional 3,000 images to the Arizona History Museum in Tucson. The collection remained split until 1999, when the Arizona Highway Department donated its portion to the museum. Now, along with the historians, the general public can access the complete collection simply by walking through the doors of the museum's reference library.

Just like that, they can travel with Wallace to the Tucson of 1910, the mission of San Xavier, the lush Sabino Canyon. They can visit the cowboys of 1913 Mexico. That same year, followers of Pancho Villa lined up in Nogales for their own photographic experience with Wallace. In the heady spirit of revolution, they'd just finished looting a store.

Wallace's study of the building of Route 66 might cause some researchers to break out in song. In his rendition, the kicks come from going west to east — from Topock to Kingman to the Junction of U.S. 89. The roads have yet to be built in other photographs, but Wallace had marked their future routes on the images.

"I think it is an important collection, because it shows the growth of Arizona — 20th century Arizona," Dean says. But beyond the growth, the roads and the bridges, Wallace saw something else. Most days he would turn his camera toward the land, the beauty of nature that reduced those paved roads of modern life to insignificance. And with the heart of a true photographer, Norman G. Wallace admired the view.

The Arizona History Museum is located at 949 E. Second Street in Tucson. For more information, call 520-628-5774 or visit arizonahistoricalociety.org.



Wallace photographed Hoover Dam's progress in June 1933 (left), shortly after the first bucket of concrete was placed into the lowest of the dam forms.

RIGHT: In 1927, standing on "A" Mountain, Wallace made an image of the city of Tucson, which then boasted a population of approximately 25,000 people.



For the past 84 years, *Arizona Highways* has been showcasing the splendor of the Grand Canyon State — in print, with paper and ink. Five years ago, former news anchor **ROBIN SEWELL** suggested a high-definition version of the magazine — a television show that picks up where the mother ship leaves off. Fifteen Emmys later, *Arizona Highways Television* is the highest-rated locally produced show in Arizona. We figured it was time you learned a little more about our little sister.

MADE FOR TV

By
**Keridwen
Cornelius**

Photographs by
Jeff Kida

RIGHT: Host Robin Sewell and crew shoot the breeze at Grand Falls of the Little Colorado River.



Robin Sewell is 25 feet up in the air, standing nonchalantly in a forklift carriage above millions of ice cream cones. It's a first for her — one of a long list of firsts while hosting *Arizona Highways Television*: skydiving, bouldering, race car driving, ice skating with Wayne Gretzky, golfing with Jack Nicklaus. It's also somewhat ironic, given how much she struggled to get the Emmy Award-winning show off the ground.



As she delivers her lines, the forklift operator lowers her slowly to the factory floor of the Joy Cone Co., the largest ice-cream cone company in the world, located just outside of Flagstaff. It's not the first place you'd expect *Arizona Highways* to feature, but it certainly jibes with the show's goal of uncovering lesser-known Arizona sites and telling compelling stories about the state's people and places.

It's a formula that works. Five seasons in, Sewell and her small crew have turned the show nobody thought would succeed into a ratings darling and 15-time Emmy Award-winner. We shadowed the film crew for a day to find out just how they do it.

9:00 a.m.

Producer Kathy Clark and director of photography Alex Mitchell do a walk-through of the Joy Cone factory, scouting out potential shots. As part of their preparation, they've already peppered the manager with questions to get an idea of what to expect, audiovisually.

What they see is a vast building of interconnected rooms the size of aircraft hangars, filled with the constant groan of machines. Scenery-wise, it offers fluorescent-lit vistas of conveyor belts and stacks of boxes. All of this will present challenges to the crew.

9:15 a.m.

More challenges. The plant manager lays out the rules for visitors with cameras. The crew can shoot product labels but not the machine that puts on those labels. Hairnets must be worn at all times. If someone sees hair peeking out of a colleague's net, they are to inform them immediately.

With that, the five film crewmembers, all freelancers from Arizona, don hairnets and wheel their equipment into the factory.

9:30 a.m.

Before Sewell arrives later in the morning, the crew will shoot interviews and B-roll (the footage that plays with a voice-over). As a clutch of curious employees gathers around, the crew fits a microphone onto plant manager John Stanton, assuring him that the questions will be easy. Joe Bohannon, the audio mixer, wears earphones and checks the sound on a field audio kit so it can be sent to the cameras for recording. Clark leafs through her notebook, reviewing an outline, interview questions and shot list to make sure they get all the necessary visuals.

"She's the organized one," Sewell says later of Clark. "I'm always frustrating her by changing things." But organization is essential. The crew is on the road only eight weeks a year shooting 26 episodes. During a typical week they film 10 stories, so everything needs to run smoothly.

9:42 a.m.

Clark shouts her interview questions to John Stanton over the clamor of the ice-cream cone machines. Mitchell pauses filming to ask a worker to move a garbage can in the background.

"Alex, Robin and [crew] have worked incredibly hard to maintain the integrity of the magazine," notes second photographer Jim Hartman. "They don't just settle for any shot. Everything is set up to match what the magazine does. It's a huge mantle we carry. We're *Arizona Highways* — we've got to live up to it."

While Clark conducts the

interview, Hartman and camera-assistant Travis Hamilton film the cone-shaping machines and factory employees for B-roll. They work as wordlessly and confidently as the assembly line workers they're filming, as if they've done it thousands of times, which they have — just not here.

10:00 a.m.

It's a wrap. Like clockwork, they roll up the wires, put the cameras back on the cart, fold up the tripods, and head off to another room for the next interview.

Because the narrow room is dominated by gargantuan steel vats filled with flour, the options for camera angles are limited. As they set up, Mitchell needs to check the camera's white balance, but there's nothing white in the room. So, with a laugh, Hamilton pulls up his shirt, and Mitchell adjusts the balance off his undershirt.

10:10 a.m.

The instant Clark starts the interview, a machine in the adjoining room blasts on. Stop. Close door. Start again.

For the next half-hour, the crew moves to predetermined locations around the factory, shooting more interviews and machines. Each time, Mitchell seeks the perfect shot and won't begin filming until he gets it. He waits for the batter to rise to the right level in the batter room. He climbs to the balcony for an overhead shot, instructing a factory employee to wheel a cart down the aisle for movement.

"Over the years, [Robin and Alex] have gotten it down to a science," Hartman says. "They don't even have to talk. Robin will show up and everything's been set up. They totally trust each other."

Speaking of which ...

10:45 a.m.

Clark's cell phone rings. Sewell has arrived and is "putting her face on" in one of the front offices.

A veteran broadcast journalist, Sewell has 14 years under her belt as a news anchor and reporter at locations across the country. She spent the last seven of those as a main anchor in Phoenix. When she left the anchor desk, she had a strong desire to create a program of her own, so she launched a production company, Lonetree Productions. Her ties to Arizona, including Native American roots, kept her thinking about ways to share her beloved state. Her idea to create an *Arizona Highways*-inspired TV show was so terrific she wondered why no one had come up with it before. Turns out, several others had.

"If I had a nickel for everyone who wanted to do an *Arizona Highways* TV show," *Arizona Highways* publisher Win Holden told Sewell when she pitched the concept, "I'd be a rich man."

Sewell was temporarily deflated. But she soon found out that none of her predecessors had backed up the idea with a business plan or funding. That's where she separated herself.

It wasn't easy. No one she talked to believed she could pull it off. They dismissed her as just a pretty face, just "the talent." Every film crew in the state laughed at her. *No one wants to watch local programming*, they scoffed. *You'll be on at 3 a.m. with no sponsors. Going national? Fuggedaboutit. Who outside the state cares about Arizona?*

"The more they told me it couldn't be done, the more I was determined to do it," Sewell says.

She finally found a willing Los Angeles-based film crew for the first season. After the show's success, she acquired an all-Arizona crew, not to mention a list of converted admirers.

Sewell continues to produce



ABOVE: At the Joy Cone factory in Flagstaff, Robin Sewell discusses ice cream cone-making.

BELOW: A daredevil cyclist circles around Sewell at The Basin, a BMX bike park in Flagstaff.



the show independently, which means she and her company conceive topics separately from the magazine. But the magazine is the model, both in substance and journalistic style.

Sewell's background in journalism definitely influences the show, in particular her desire to be unbiased. "I know if you lose your credibility, you have nothing," Sewell says. "We don't charge [people to be on the show], so it's pure and clean. I choose a story because I think it's a worthwhile story to tell, and I think viewers know that."

11:30 a.m.

Clark informs Sewell she'll be on in 10 minutes. And she's going to have to wear a hairnet. Well, so much for the blow-dry. Sewell runs through her lines in a notebook with her daughter's picture on the cover, changes out of her sweats, and chats with Clark as they walk toward the entrance. Before they step inside, Sewell dashes into the restroom to catch a glimpse of the hairnet.

"Aaaaaaah!"

Sewell's sense of humor about herself and the self-conscious broadcast journalism world fits right in with the film crew's lighthearted dynamic. There is always banter. There are often bets, many of which, well ... the crew wouldn't want them printed here. There are also the inevitable outtakes.

11:50 a.m.

Sewell is in the forklift carriage, delivering her closing lines as she descends. But she fumbles the word "tour." So they start again from the top, literally. This time she says "plant" instead of "factory."

"Oops. Do over," someone says.

"That was a rare screw-up," Sewell jokes. "Rare."

As they continue filming in the factory, they do several takes of each "stand-up," even when every-

thing goes well. It's always better to have more footage.

It's not just Sewell's lines and the camera angles that need to be perfect; it's the weather, the setting and everyone else in the shot. Which can be challenging, especially when filming at the next location — The Basin, Arizona's first BMX bike park.

3:30 p.m.

As the crew sets up, about a dozen (helmet-less) teens and 20-somethings whip around the undulating cement structure, flipping, jumping and spinning their handlebars.

3:45 p.m.

Sewell starts her stand-up: "If your idea of bike riding is ..." A gust of wind blows her hair across her face. Do over.

"If your idea of bike riding is just a leisurely stroll in the park, then ..." This time she bumbles the line. Do over.

Several more takes follow, halted by gusts of wind and questions about phrasing. They debate whether Sewell should mention that BMX racing is now an Olympic sport, since this is BMX freestyle and it might be misleading to viewers. Accuracy is of the utmost importance, and in the end they decide to leave it out.

"If your idea of bike riding is just a leisurely stroll in the park, then prepare to be wowed by these guys ..." This time she delivers the whole speech flawlessly, but just at the end a biker launches himself in the air and biffs it behind her. Do over.

A cement bike park frequented by young daredevils isn't typical *Arizona Highways* fare, but in addition to classic standbys like the Grand Canyon, the show throws in some unexpected twists.

"We have to find stories that appeal to a wide variety of people," Sewell says. "I'm hoping this story

will get more young people interested in the show. We want to get people to get up and go out there. Everybody wants to know about their state, to get excited about where they live."

Sewell hopes that eventually, it won't just be Arizonans watching. "From the beginning, my vision was for it to be a national and international show," she says. "We're really in the perfect position to do it now. We have 130-plus episodes in the can. We're one of the top-rated shows. So our ability to sell this is much better."

From the start, Sewell and her team have been forward-thinking. For example, they have always shot in high definition. "We're the only locally produced show in HD," Sewell notes. As of February 17, all full-power stations in the United States were required by law to broadcast digitally, which means that Sewell's show is now giving viewers even more spectacular shots of Arizona scenery — and high-flying bikers.

5:00 p.m.

The crew is nearly finished. Sewell is sitting in the center of The Basin delivering her closing lines. After several takes, the bikers are pushing through their exhaustion, zooming and spinning around her in a sinuous — and dangerous — figure eight.

It's another first for Sewell and her crew, and it won't be the last. "People ask if we're going to run out of ideas," producer Clark says, "but at the end of the season, our list tends to be longer than at the beginning."

With so many people and places to feature, they expect to be doing this for a long time, inspiring fans of Arizona to experience firsts of their own.

For more information, visit arizona-highways.com and click the Arizona Highways Television icon at the bottom of our home page. ■



APACHE TRAIL

Teddy Roosevelt said of this route: It offers “the most sublimely beautiful panorama nature has ever created.” What more do you need to know?

BY TOM CARPENTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TOM DANIELSEN

The essence of Arizona is bottled along State Route 88, the Apache Trail. You’ll find all of the state’s essential qualities — desert, mountains, water, sky, past, present and future — here on Arizona’s first designated historic and scenic road.

The 47-mile trip from Apache Junction to Roosevelt Dam takes about two and a half hours. The last 21 miles are unpaved, but well-maintained. Begin at the junction of

Idaho Road and State Route 88, traveling north toward the Salt River — the Apache Trail’s raison d’être. For a thousand years, native cultures roamed the Salt River’s shoreline through the Mazatzal Mountains, and the surrounding valley’s fertile soil enticed the first settlers to restore canals built by the ancient Hohokams.

Unfortunately, the unpredictable hydrologic cycle of drought and flood made the Salt uncontrollable. In 1902, President Theodore Roosevelt signed into law the National Reclamation Act, which led to the damming of most of the West’s major rivers, including the Salt.

To build the dam, they first needed a road to transport men, equipment and materials from Phoenix. Road construction began in 1904, and mule teams started hauling freight wagons a year later. Apache laborers helped build the road, dubbed

At Canyon Lake Vista, Mile 6.6, you’ll encounter a spirit-lifting view of Canyon Lake, which formed as a result of the Mormon Flat Dam in 1926.

At 11.3 miles, you’ll reach Tortilla Flat, the first overnight stop on the three-day wagon trip from Mesa to the dam site. Take the time to enjoy a snack on the saddle stools in the restaurant and ask about the origin of the town’s name.

The paved road ends at 16.7 miles. At the Fish Creek Hill Scenic Vista, uphill 2 more miles, you can reflect on the challenges faced by teamsters moving freight along this road.

At Mile 24.5, you’ll glimpse Apache Lake, created by Horse Mesa Dam in 1927. The road follows the gorge, rising and falling with the contours of the land, sometimes as close as 15 feet from the lake.

The Theodore Roosevelt Dam looms into view at Mile 36.5. Dedicated by its namesake on March 18, 1911, the dam rises 280 feet and cost \$10.3 million.

This classic Arizona road trip wouldn’t be complete without a visit to the Tonto

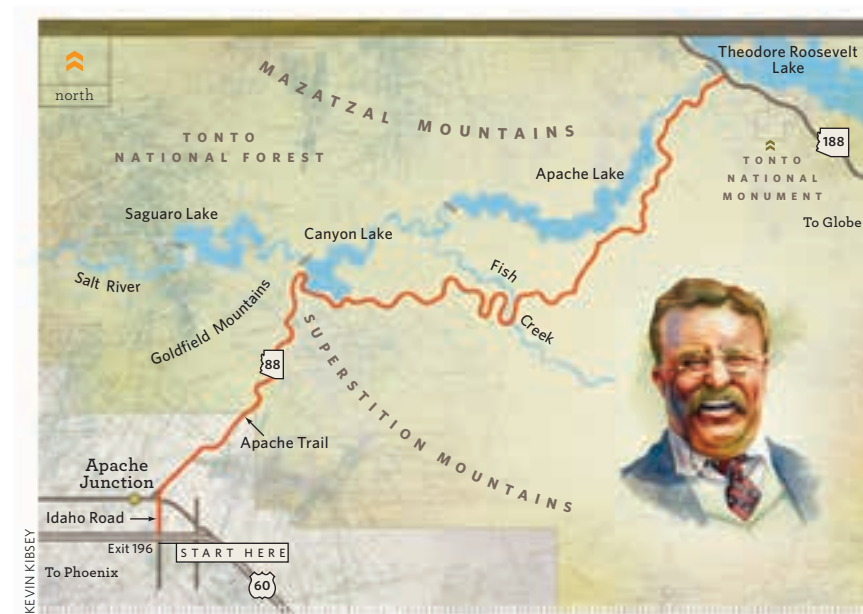
National Monument, 4 miles southeast of Roosevelt Dam on State Route 188. The visitors center displays artifacts of the ancient agrarian Salado Indians, who occupied these pueblos. To reach the lower ruins requires a half-mile uphill slog, but the solitude and natural beauty found there proves worth the effort. ■

EDITOR’S NOTE: For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book, *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book (\$19.95) features 40 of the state’s most scenic drives. To order a copy, call 800-543-5432 or visit arizonahighways.com.



OPPOSITE: The Superstition Wilderness is home to Weavers Needle (far left) and Roosevelt Dam (left).

ABOVE: Mexican goldpoppies glow under the craggy cliffs of the Superstitions.



tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

DIRECTIONS: From Phoenix, go east on U.S. Route 60 to Exit 196 (Idaho Road), turn left, and go 2.2 miles to State Route 88 (the Apache Trail). Turn right and continue 47 miles to Roosevelt Dam. From there, continue 4 miles on State Route 188 to Tonto National Monument.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance vehicle is recommended, but not required.

INFORMATION: Tonto National Forest, 928-402-6200 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto.

Travelers in Arizona can visit az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more. ■



ROGERS CANYON TRAIL

There are several ways to explore the rugged Superstition Mountains. One of them is a hike into Rogers Canyon, where the main attractions are ancient ruins and stunning landscapes.

BY JEN BONDESON

The Superstition Wilderness contains more than 170 miles of trails, ranging in quality from pretty good to practically nonexistent. It's rugged country, and you'll want to get a USGS map before heading out. Here's why: Between 1920 and 1986, more than 25 people died somewhere in the mountain range. This is not a good place to get lost.

It was a spring Saturday when my boyfriend and I headed out. Our journey began before sunrise, after we nervously packed the car, unsure of what was in store. For two hours after we left the pavement, our Suburban ascended a narrow, one-lane dirt road up a mountain to an elevation of 4,800 feet. Our tires rolled into foot-deep crevices and frighteningly close to 1,000-foot drops. If

you're cremnophobic (afraid of cliffs), this drive will push you over the edge.

Eventually, we made it to the Rogers Canyon trailhead and got rolling. We'd been hiking for almost an hour and a half when I looked around and realized I couldn't find a sign to indicate we were heading in the right direction. There are 3.8 million acres in the Tonto National Forest, and my heart was beating as loudly as it was earlier, when I'd gazed over the steep cliffs.

A level head got us back on track, and we descended to an elevation of about 3,700 feet. Keep in mind, this 8.4-mile round-trip trail is downhill on the way in, and uphill on the way out, so save some energy. As we made our way into the wilderness, I slipped, for the hundredth time, on a pebble planted loosely in the path. My head jerked back, causing me to look up. That's when my eye caught something on the other side of the canyon — something that Mother Nature couldn't have done herself. Stones were piled neatly inside a cave that sat high in the canyon walls. Cliff dwellings.

The Salado Indians constructed the cliff dwellings in these mountains more than 600 years ago. Before they were sought out as a hikers' destination, the mud-and-stone homes were well preserved. Today, all that remains are the stone walls.

A recreation assistant for the Superstition Wilderness Area piqued my interest when explaining that although the trail's main attraction has always been the ruins, Forest Service officials now encourage hikers to keep away from the dwellings because of preservation concerns. That's OK, though. The ruins are just as impressive from a safe distance.

With the main attraction checked off our list, we hiked down to a stream. The path wasn't easily distinguished, and thoughts of lost hikers resonated as we scanned the brush for an empty clearing. The hike continues beyond the dwellings to a spot called Angel Basin, which is the most common turnaround point. On our hike, we never even made it that far. It was late, we were tired, and the deepening night sky, splashed with glimmering speckles of stars, said it was time to head home and avoid becoming a statistic.

▶ A narrow, steep road (left) leads to the Rogers Canyon trailhead. The Salado Indians occupied cliff dwellings (right) in the canyon from A.D. 1150 to 1450.

TOM DANIELSEN



MOREY K. MILBRADT



ONLINE

For more hikes in Arizona, visit our "Hiking Guide" at arizonahighways.com.

trail guide

LENGTH: 8.4 miles round-trip, from the trailhead into Rogers Canyon and back. The trail links to other trails for longer hikes.

DIFFICULTY: Moderate

ELEVATION: 4,600 to 3,700 feet

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Four-wheel-drive is recommended

DIRECTIONS: From Phoenix, go east on U.S. Route 60 toward Globe. Two miles past Florence Junction, turn left on Queen Valley Road, go 2 miles to Forest Road 357 (Hewitt Station Road) and turn right. This road is hard to find, so track your mileage. From there, go 3 miles to Forest Road 172, turn left, and go

9 miles to Forest Road 172A (Rogers Trough Road). At FR 172A, you'll see a sign to Rogers Trough. Turn right and go 4 miles to where FR 172A meets Forest Road 650. Stay left at the junction and go a quarter-mile to the trailhead.

INFORMATION: 480-610-3300 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto

LEAVE NO TRACE ETHICS:

- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others.

where
is this?

Over the Top

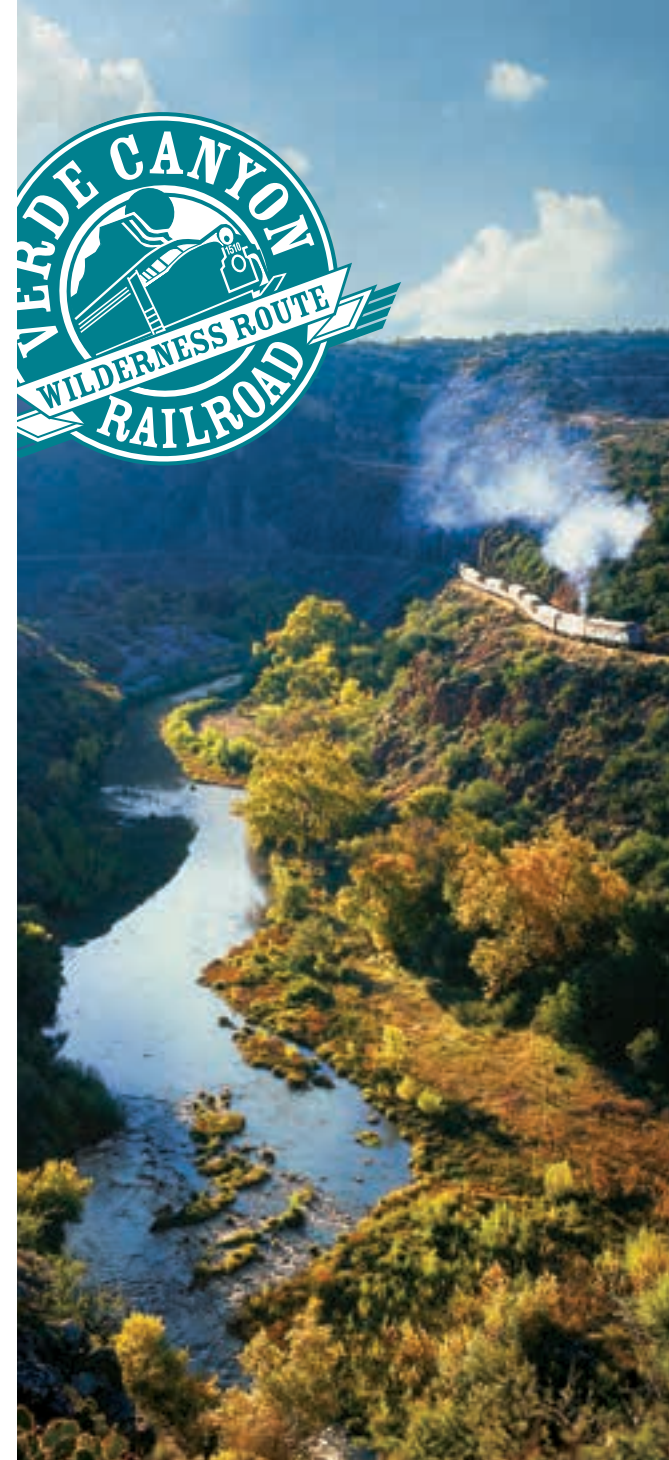
PHOTOGRAPH BY KERRICK JAMES

Why do cristate saguaros form their odd-looking crests? No one knows. But they're not the only uncommon plant in this UNESCO International Biosphere Reserve. The area protects 28 species of cactuses, including one you won't find anywhere else in the United States. The reserve's northern entrance point is questionable, but what to do about the controversial southern entry points? That's the \$64,000 question.



Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location featured above and e-mail your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by March 15, 2009. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our May issue and online at arizonahighways.com beginning April 1.

January 2009
Answer: Canyon de Chelly. Congratulations to our winner, Jim Carlblom of San Marino, California.



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